

New York - Jan. 30, 1919 - post mark on letter  
 Dear Corinne.

It was sweet of you to remember me  
 in write me about the Outlook review. They  
 were nice to me, weren't they - It ~~was~~ has  
 become a sort of fad lately to review my poems.  
 I have seen a dozen articles at least in the last  
 two months. I struggle with apparently, all I have  
 to do now is become famous is to die!

I ~~must~~ missed Camden terribly this summer -  
 excepting in the few weeks I spent in the sound  
 which were wonderful.

It seemed so funny to stay up all night sometimes  
 because you might could sleep for the heat  
 or to see people sprawled about on the grass  
 in the parks. or on the beaches outside the city -  
 Pretty soon I shall miss it all over again, because  
 it ~~won't~~ will be spring. In all your people  
 will will be going up Mountain Arrow for  
 mayflowers.

~~Remember~~ remember me to old friends and  
 tell them I shall see them again just as

New York - Jan. 30, 1919 post mark on letter

Dear Corinne.

It was sweet of you to remember me  
 and write me about the Outlook review. They  
 were nice to me, weren't they. It was has  
 become a sort of fad lately to review my poems.  
 I have seen a dozen articles at least in the last  
 two months. [?] apparently, all I have  
 to do now to become famous is to die!  
 I must missed Camden terribly this summer -  
 excepting in the few weeks I spent in the sound  
 which were wonderful.

It seemed so funny to stay up all night sometimes  
 because you simply couldn't sleep for the heat  
 or to see people spread about on the grass  
 in the parks or on the beaches outside the city —  
 Pretty soon I shall miss it all over again, because  
 it ~~won't~~ be will be spring an all you people  
 will be going up Mountain Arrow for  
 mayflowers.

Please me  
 Because ^ remember tom ^ to old friends and  
 tell them I shall see them again just as

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MMN # 73440

Date: January 30, 1919

Description: Letter of Edna St. Vincent Millay to Corrinne Sawyer about reviews of her plays and missing home.

soon as I get rich enough to spend my  
summers in Camden,

My special love to Martha, I was going to  
write her too — but I just find I have to  
go to the theater, as I shan't have time.

Here is a ~~bit~~ bit of the last play — so  
what do you think of ~~most~~ nothing

as ever,

Vincent

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summers in Camden.

My special love to Martha, I was going to  
write her too — but I just find I have to  
go to the theater an I shan't have time.

Here is a ~~but~~ bit of this last play — so  
what do you think of ~~most~~ nothing [?]

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